

THE WINTER

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"Nelly stretched out her hands and drew her to the fire, saying simply, 'Come.'"—p. 730.

TWO YEARS.

A TALE OF TO-DAY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.—A SERMON.

IT was the first Sunday of the new year. In the absence of Anne, Patricia and Nelly were thrown together more than they had ever been before. On that morning Nelly came down to breakfast ready

to go to church—not to the parish church, where they went every Sunday, but to the distant one, where she had sat while she was an inmate of Miss Macnaughten's household. There she had promised

to meet Anne and her friends, though her duties at home obliged her to return as speedily as possible. She had promised, also, to bring Patricia; and, on the plea that she did not care to go alone, she had at length succeeded in persuading her sister-in-law to accompany her.

Nelly thirsted to hear the voice of the preacher once more; and she took her sister-in-law with her under a feeling which, had it been expressed in words, would have made her say, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." Happily, of the water of which that voice was a living well-spring there is no stint.

Nor was she disappointed. The preacher took for his text the three words, "Newness of life." Wonderful enough words they are in their bare simplicity; but he poured from the simple phrase a fulness of meaning which made it something marvellous. He began by describing the life-weariness which falls on most men sooner or later, which visits all some time or other—the misery which comes of sin. He painted that time before He came whose coming they had just been commemorating—the Life of the world: the time a poet has described when—

"In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay;
He drove abroad in furious guise
Along the Appian Way:
He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crowned his hair with flowers—
No easier nor no quicker passed
The impracticable hours."

Then, touching on the life which had made that old world new, he dwelt upon the weariness of our own day, which, though not a time of great corruption, was in truth a time of little faith. He warned his listeners, however, that corruption was sure to follow such spiritual death, even as decay follows the death of the body; and he told them plainly, almost sternly, of the signs in morals and manners which betokened its progress.

But from this portion of his subject he speedily turned to one far more attractive, in which his true power lay. He turned to delineate "newness of life." He spoke of the new life that comes with every birth, till each one in his presence who owned a little child felt as if Christ himself had come to him or her. He spoke of the life of nature, with its never-ending newness, until there seemed to be nothing in the world that was old and weary. "*Vanity of vanities!*"—instead of this there was "newness of life." In the new life there was no weariness, no vanity. This life, that all might lead—this life of Christ—had power to make all things new; had power to change the very natures of men and women; to make the false true, the foul pure, and to turn the self-seeker into a seeker of other men's good.

As the small and thoughtful congregation streamed

away, the faces of many appeared to have caught the light which was upon that of their teacher.

Nelly seemed to walk in a new world. Neither she nor Patricia spoke till they had descended the steps from the portico, and then it was in answer to the greeting which awaited them.

There was quite a little assembly at the foot of those steps every Sunday. Friends from distant parts of the great metropolis met there, and exchanged greetings—friends, too busy, perhaps, to see more of each other than this; others who met daily. The Macnaughtens, Mr. Dalrymple, and Anne formed one of these groups, and they were joined by Nelly and her sister-in-law.

Patricia was pale and self-absorbed, and spoke scarcely at all during the brief interview. She refused to lunch with the Macnaughtens, as they pressed her to do, and insisted on going home with Nelly. They went home accordingly, Patricia silent as before. Nelly left her to her silence. Sometimes that heals best.

After the early dinner, which was the rule of the house on Sunday, Patricia went to her own room. Nelly was disappointed, but patient. She was one of the people who can wait. "Perhaps Patricia has one of her headaches," she thought, and she asked leave to send up some tea. Then the baby was put to sleep, and soon after Mr. Palmer, too, retired. Nelly was left alone. She chose to sit in the dining-room, where the fire was burning brightly. It was the warmest room in the house when the heavy hangings were drawn across the windows and the lamp was lit.

As she sat there her thoughts became fixed on the sermon of the morning. It diffused over her mind a feeling of hope such as she had never felt before. It was no selfish hope of happiness for herself, it was the better hope of a Divine restoration for one and all.

She was looking into the fire, her hands clasped on her knee, the ticking of the timepiece over the mantelshelf was the only sound in the room, or, indeed, in the house, when the door was gently opened, and Patricia glided in.

Nelly did not turn round, so absorbed was she in thought, and so softly had Patricia entered. The latter stood still when she had closed the door—stood looking at her sister-in-law, who seemed in her turn to be seeing something invisible. At length, not at any sound, but with the consciousness of some one's presence in the room, Nelly turned her face, though sorrowful, all untroubled and sweet and clear. She started when she saw who it was, and how she looked. Patricia had thrown on a dressing-gown of grey cashmere, which fell in straight folds about her feet. Her magnificent hair was loose, and flowing in thick coils over neck and shoulders down half way to her feet. Her face was deadly pale, and the shadows under her eyes were violet-coloured. Nelly stretched

out her hands and went and drew her to the fire, saying simply, "Come."

"I cannot rest," moaned Patricia, sinking on her knees, while Nelly sat down on the low chair which she had occupied, "I cannot rest."

Nelly smoothed the long tresses with caressing hands.

"What is it you see, Nelly, when you look that way?" asked Patricia, half soothed already. There is such healing in the touch of love.

"What way, dear?"

"The way you were looking now—the way you have looked all day, as if there was light falling from somewhere on your face. What is it?"

"Hope," whispered Nelly.

"Hope! I cannot hope. Oh, Nelly! and I loved him so!"

"And you do not love him now?"

"Love him! I hate him."

"You must not hate him."

"Oh! he was so false and I so true; I loved but him alone."

"Do not hate him," whispered Nelly. "You cannot hope and hate too. But perhaps you do not hate him; wounded love is like hate sometimes, as like as pain is to pain."

"No! I hate him. False—false and cruel!" she cried.

"But it was something other than the falsehood you loved," said Nelly. "He may become true."

"Do you believe that men can change their natures?"

"No; but they can enter into life—

I can rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

"Yes—yes; it seems very beautiful. All that we heard to day was beautiful as a strain of some great harmony, filling the soul while it lasts, and leaving only empty air when it is over."

"I believe it," said Nelly, fervently. "It is life to me."

"I cannot believe it," said Patricia. "Oh, Nelly! I am so unhappy."

"I know you are," said Nelly, not thinking of herself, saying nothing of her own great trouble in the presence of one still greater.

Patricia sat silent for a time. Then she said, quite timidly, "I have something more to say. If you were in my place and he—Horace—had sent you a letter, what would you do?"

"It would depend upon what was in the letter."

"But I mean with the letter. You would read it?"

"Yes."

"I had a letter, and I did not read it. I put it in the fire. I think I did right, too; but I cannot rest for thinking about it, and wondering what he wanted. Was it not a shame of him to make me think of him—to bring his existence before me in any way?" she added passionately.

"Patricia, it is this bitter blame that is eating out your heart," said Nelly; "leave blaming him altogether."

"But surely one must blame what is blameworthy," replied Patricia, impatiently.

"Yes; but you are dwelling upon the wrong to yourself. Forgive that, and you will pity rather than hate him."

"I cannot—I cannot," she cried, starting up and pacing up and down the floor in an agony of grief.

Nelly bent her head in prayer, a witness to that storm of passion sweeping over a strong nature till body and soul seemed almost rent asunder. It could not last. She came and sat down once more at Nelly's feet, calm and subdued—too calm, and too subdued. At last she rose up, kissed her sister-in-law, and left the room as she had come.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"LIVING" AND "DYING."

It had shaken Nelly, that scene with Patricia, for the rest of her evening was devoted to a struggle with the old, sad, forsaken, gloomy feeling, which had been driven away by those baby-hands, so that long before her usual hour she had taken refuge by her infant's cradle, dismissing the maid who sat there till she came.

On the morrow she woke with this same feeling strong upon her. A reaction from the exaltation of the day before had set in. In that morning light the return to the round of little, everyday duties seemed wearisome. It did then (this everyday life) give the lie to all that nobler and higher spiritual life; as if it was not the very nature of that higher life to inform with its spirit that lower one of bodily needs and necessities. In vain she struggled with the feeling of depression, it would not be shaken off. Under its influence she almost feared to meet Patricia, and was rather late in making her appearance down-stairs. She was, indeed, only just in time to take her usual place and pour out grandpapa's coffee.

She was speedily engaged in this, for the old man was punctual as ever. She did not notice that there was a letter laid down before him, which he took and scanned outwardly, and then, without opening, slipped into his pocket, his hands trembling as he did so. It bore the New York postmark, and was in the hand he knew so well. It was from his son.

He looked over to Nelly next. She was forcing herself to feel more cheerful, and was therefore looking more cheerful than she felt.

Mr. Palmer's nerve must have been sadly impaired, for he failed to eat any breakfast, and having swallowed a few mouthfuls of coffee went back to his own room on some slight pretext.

Once in his own room he took out the letter and opened it hurriedly. He knew not with what expectation, until the utter disappointment came. It was

no letter—not a word did it contain, either of yearning for forgiveness, or of striving to make amends; not a word of remembrance, of love, or hope. It contained only a letter of credit for £150 on a well-known firm, and Harry's signature inside the envelope. That was all.

Mr. Palmer stood looking at it for some time before he could summon resolution to act. Then he lifted up his head, and by an act of strong will caused his hands to cease from trembling, ere he walked down-stairs with the open paper and its envelope in his hand. He entered the dining-room where Nelly and Patricia still were, and went calmly up to the former. She saw something in his face that told her there were tidings of Harry, but she could not tell from its blank expression whether they were good or bad.

He held out the paper. "That is all," he said.

"Oh! but he lives!" she cried, at the first glance.

"And prospers, it would seem," said the old man, with bitterness. It was a great deal less forgivable than if he had failed.

Nelly held the paper closely, as if it was too precious to be parted with.

Patricia looked from one to the other in surprise. At last her sister held out to her the missive. She looked at it. "It is just what I expected," she said. "He will never come back till that money is paid."

"And at this rate it will be four years," observed Mr. Palmer.

"Four years!" cried Nelly. "Oh, Harry!" The last words were spoken low, as if in reproach.

"Yes, four years of anxiety, and suspense, and loneliness," said Mr. Palmer. "And what then? Who knows what may happen in four years?" He went away, muttering these last words to himself.

That very day he took steps for the sale of the factory and all belonging to it. He had intended to leave it to Harry. He had set his heart upon this son, to fill his place as master there when he was gone. For this he had thwarted that son's youthful inclinations for study and work of another if not a higher kind, and it had ended in bitter disappointment. His own work was done. He felt himself failing. He would go away to his native Cumberland dale, and buy a portion of its soil, and sit in the sun, like an old man as he was. Nelly would let the little one come and play with him, and perhaps—yes, perhaps, the end would be peace.

This remittance from Harry was not to be the only event of the day.

Nelly had again taken refuge from her sad thoughts with her baby; and she had seen little of Patricia, for the latter had repeated her wish to be alone.

It was afternoon when Mr. Dalrymple made his appearance. He was graver than his wont, and that was sufficiently grave.

"Has anything happened?" said Nelly, when, after the ordinary salutation, she saw that he hesitated to speak.

"No,—and yet, yes. I am here with a message to Mrs. Eden, from her husband."

Nelly rose, saying, "I will go and send her to you. Oh, Mr. Dalrymple! I shall be so thankful if you can move her out of her terrible state."

"Does she suffer so much?"

"Enough to drive any one less stable-minded mad. She cannot forgive Horace the wrong he has done her."

"It is to ask her to forgive him that I am here. Is it so hopeless?"

"I cannot think it hopeless; but it will be hard. Hers is a very noble nature, but she has not learnt to be merciful. What she really resents most, I believe—more than the dishonour—more than anything the world would call wrong—is that his falsehood has so warped her, that she finds it impossible to feel trust again."

"I understand only too well. I can realise the agony it is to find one false in whom we trusted. This man himself deceived me so utterly that, for a time, I could have said, with the Psalmist, 'All men are liars.' But, to see him now—"

"Is he so changed?"

"He is dying."

"Dying! Oh, I hope Patricia will forgive him now. Does he wish to see her?"

"Yes; but he does not hope for that. He only asks for a message through me. He has written to her already, and received no answer."

"Yes; I know; only last night she told me. I think you had better see her alone. But first I must tell you that we have news of Harry."

"Have you indeed?"

"Yes; it is very little, but still it tells us that he is living, and, as grandpapa says, prosperous;" and she told Mr. Dalrymple of the arrival of the letter of credit with eyes that filled and lips that quivered in spite of herself. It was so hard to have not even a message from him.

"I must see the letter," he said.

"It is here; grandpapa left it with me."

He looked at it attentively. "We can trace him by this."

"Can we?" Her face brightened momentarily, then clouded over with sadness. "I think we ought not to seek him now," she said. "If you could bring him bodily, at this moment, unless his heart consented, what would it be worth to have him here?"

She rose and bade him good day.

"I will send Mrs. Eden," she said; "and you will forgive me if I do not see you again."

She left the room, trying hard to keep down the rising sobs.

"Insensate fool!" muttered Mr. Dalrymple when

she was gone—the flattering phrase indicating Mr. Harry Palmer.

Mrs. Eden was not long in making her appearance. She had resumed all her outward calm; it would be no easy matter to deal with her. But Mr. Dalrymple would not approach the matter cautiously. He spoke out at once; and if he had carefully calculated effect on his listener's character he could not have done better.

"I come to you with a message from your unhappy husband," he said.

Patricia merely bowed and looked cold. She would hear the message this time, however.

"He is dying, and desires your forgiveness."

She started, and looked at Mr. Dalrymple with dilated eyes, but did not reply.

"You will say that you forgive him. I have seen him, and will carry back your message."

"Mr. Dalrymple," she replied, "I cannot say what I do not feel. If I did, I should be as bad as he is." "You do not know what he is now."

"Mr. Dalrymple," she said, rising as if to put an end to the conference, "I will—I must—be true. I have tried to forgive Horace Eden, and I cannot. It will be cruel to continue this. I have no control over my own heart; I cannot force forgiveness to enter it."

"Pardon me if I say one word more. God knows I would not add the smallest pang to what you have already borne, and I speak on your behalf as much as on his: see your husband!"

He said no more, but rose to go, taking a slip of paper and laying it before her as he did so.

She did not seek to detain him; she asked him not a single question. After he left her she sat looking at that slip of paper as if it had been instinct with some venomous life.

"At any rate, I can force myself to touch it," she thought; and she took it and unfolded it, expecting to see the handwriting of Horace Eden, and to read

a heartrending appeal from him for that which she could not give.

It was only a slip of paper, containing in the writing of Mr. Dalrymple a statement of the days when visitors would be admitted to the infirmary of — Prison, and how admittance was to be obtained.

She read it and laid it down again quietly, and began to pace up and down the room, her father's habit. At length she came to a resolution, for she went up-stairs and put on her walking-dress, and without saying a word to any one left the house.

Whither had she gone? The dates on the slip of paper were yet distant, one a week the other a month hence. Mr. Palmer came back, dinner waited, was postponed indefinitely—a thing unheard of in the house—and yet she had not returned. She was out in the dark and in the wet; for it had begun to rain. Her father and Nelly began to tremble with dread—to look at one another and say, "What shall we do?"

What, indeed, was to be done? And yet something must be. To the two sitting in the old dining-room that evening, there seemed to be a fate hanging over the old house; the shimmer of the fire on the polished oak had something malign in it.

At length the knocker sounded. Both Nelly and Mr. Palmer came out into the hall. Yes; it was Patricia. They hurried her into the dining-room, wet and draggled, and when they saw her face they had no words of question or of blame—only of ministry and pitiful love.

Patricia did not say that she had spent the wintry afternoon in pacing up and down beneath a high, blank prison wall; but they who looked upon her then knew that a storm had swept over her, more awful than the outpouring of wintry skies; the firm step faltered; the noble figure stooped. Surely the mind that had seemed so stable was tottering on its throne.

(To be continued.)

NATURA VICTRIX.

BY WILLIAM DUTHIE.



TRIUMPHANT, ere by rock and grove
His wattled roof the savage wove;
Triumphant, since rebellious Cain
Bade Enoch rise above the plain;
Victorious Queen, o'er cities humbled,
As rampart sank and turret crumbled.

How little from thy breast have won
The stones of vaunted Babylon!
Or Rome abased, or Athens rent,
Or Norman keep and battlement!
Sweet Victress thou! awake or sleeping,
With thy bright vesture onward creeping.

Triumphant e'en in sculptured stone,
Where mortals feebly hold their own;
Whose laboured toils, of art the boast,
Are but mean effigies at most

Of thee, in all we fain would cherish
Of hues that live, and forms that perish.

From broad-ribbed peak to foamy strand,
Far outward o'er the verdant land,
What gorgeous ranges bloom between
The few grey spots which dot the green!—
The nestling town, the soaring tower,
But mark the breadth of thy vast bower.

The stateliest pile man's pride commands
But moulders in the workers' hands ;
And as the humid dust is laid,
Spring'st thou in fresher hues arrayed :
A moistened grain the seed will nourish
Which soon a stalwart oak shall flourish.

Triumphant where decay is rife,
Thy death is ransom for thy life ;
For scarcely have we mourned thee dead,
Ere, lo ! thou stirrest 'neath our tread !
Thy sprays float up to heaven's portal,
Of mortal things dear type immortal !

A WORD UPON TAKING INTEREST IN THINGS.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

THAT has become fashionable in certain quarters to assume the mannerism of indifference as a fashionable and proper thing. In this age of cheap travel it is thought absurd to talk of the beauties of the Rhine, and to go into even moderate raptures about its ruined castles and its rocky promiences. Why, excursion trains run in that region; who has not used them again and again ? Men lose interest in things because they are common or cheap. Of course, it is very interesting to take a little child into a large London bazaar, and watch the eager delight with which the wonders of each stall fill the child's vision; but to take any interest in things ourselves, that is very different. We are grown-up men and women, and we have read and re-read the three-volume romance of this world; we have trodden and retrdden all the picture-galleries of Nature; we have, in fact, tried most of this world's experiences on our hearts; we are pretty well used to it all. In one word, we have ceased to take an interest in things. Such, certainly, is the inscription written upon the faces of some people—such the impression they leave, whether they try to do so or not. To the ardent individual, who wishes to create very special interest in something, they say, "Thank you—thank you very much; but we don't care to trouble any more about it." It would not be a bad thing to secure some old classic grove, where all these indifferent spirits might continually walk to and fro, with their hands folded across their breasts, filled with meditations upon a world which has exhausted all its possibilities of interesting, amusing, or instructing them. At all events, this arrangement would prevent the process of "icing" other people, which so often goes on under the present arrangement, whereby they mingle with society and chill its enterprises. True, they might sit as lay figures for painters and sculptors. There are always demands for sentimentalisms, and thus used-up individualities, who have dim longings for convent and recluse life, might, perhaps, ward off the final entombment of their being for a few years, by ministering to the taste of that part of society who like pictures and figures of the morbidly-languid sort.

Indifference wouldn't hurt us much in studios, but it does injure us in daily life. Who does not love to see interest taken in things? Why, my friend, it was partly for that reason that you asked your young country cousin to come up to London for the season. All her exclamations of interest in the great, busy metropolis quickened your own life again; and, amid parks and picture-galleries, as her eyes sparkled and her face beamed, you enjoyed yourself the rare pleasure of companionship with a being that was taking interest in things.

Some forms of this interest are, of course, deceptive. There are certain people who take an interest in the *beginning* of things; they excel all others then. Everybody seems behind them; nobody comes up to their ideal of activity and energy. But take care, my friend; if you place reliance on them, you will suffer for it; their natures are like high-pressure engines, and soon use up all the steam. At the fourth meeting they are late, and at the fifth absent, and from the sixth to the last there is a dash instead of a cross in the attendance-book of the cricket-club, or the book-club, or the bazaar. If success depended on them, woe be to the enterprise. They did run well, but for a very short distance, and they soon got out of breath, and sat down on the first stone by the wayside, never to join in your enterprise again, but to rest a short time, and then begin some other affair, which is full of the freshness of a novel adventure.

It is a pleasant thing to meet with those who take an interest in things right through, who never let go the plough, who never drop off in the rough places of the way. Interest in things is never so beautiful as when difficulty comes; for then some measure, at all events, of sacrifice comes out; and, in all works undertaken under heaven, none are so beautiful as those that embody elements of unselfishness and sacrifice.

Moreover, it is a mark of ignorance to suppose that indifference to things proves the possession of a great nature, which has exhausted the universe. There are wonders in little things, which may well awaken the attention of the most accomplished man. The universe is a book of which we have

read only the first few pages at present; and even in this world there are glories eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard. Apart, however, from personal study and observation of things, how pleasant it is to take interest in the pursuits and pleasures of others! Are you a father? Your boys will never forget, in after years, that you helped them with their Latin lessons in the evening, and hunted up with them the hard Greek roots. And they will rejoice to think, when your body is laid in the old churchyard, and Nature has drawn her green coverlet of sod over it, how you helped them to make the crossbow. What a "twang" the string gave when it was let go—long before it reached the broken piece of tobacco-pipe in the groove, the bow made noise enough to frighten any bird within sight or reach. And then will they ever forget how, when winter came, you pounded away with them at the great snowball, and how you helped in the erection of the lofty snow house, with a tunnel through it and a flag planted on the top of it? and in the bright spring-time, how you made matters right with the village blacksmith, and hired his old Shetland pony, which you used to take out for an hour or two together, you holding the little ones on and running by the side, till you had to call a halt, and then rested under the shade of a tree up the old Ickham Lane to cool yourself, while they played at being soldiers on the shelt? *Forget it!* Never; memory must cease to hold her seat before they lose remembrance of the interest you took in all their pursuits and pleasures. Nor will they forget how the unbidden tear rolled down your cheek when, having "topped" the class, you saw them, on the anniversary-day, go up between the long school benches amid the smiles and applause of the other scholars, to receive that wonderful book, with a Latin inscription and a King's College coat of arms upon it; and when the well-earned holidays came, they will recollect how you, having invented some new game, forthwith called them all out to try their 'prentice hands upon it. *Forget these things!* Again I say, Never! Rich, indeed, are the children who have such sunny memories; rich, too, in this—that these memories will often help to hold them back from forbidden pleasures which you have warned them against, whilst providing for them innocent joys; memories, too, that will help them when they become fathers themselves, to take a lively interest in their children's hopes and loves and joys.

More momentous, however, may seem the question of the interest to be taken in our work as citizens and Christians. It is good to take an interest in public affairs. We are taught, on the highest authority, to act the citizen as "becometh the Gospel of Christ." "I never trouble myself

with politics," is only another form of the indifference which says, in local matters, "I never trouble myself with drains and all that;" the consequence being that in many of the loveliest villages in England the cottagers' drains are stagnant, open ditches, which send up amid the damp of evening, not only a sickening stench, but a poisonous miasma, which prepares the way for fever to seize hold of and to cut off whole families in one fell swoop. "I don't trouble myself about them," in some such cases, means, either, "I don't want to pay for them," or "I don't want to be made a mark of in the parish, as the man who couldn't let things remain in the state which was good enough for our fathers, and might be well enough for us."

Surely it is Christian to take an interest in things; to show the poor that we care for them—that we, too, in the language of the grand old Book, think that "a man is better than a sheep," should be better housed, better tended, better fed. To live for ourselves alone, for the sake of peace or ease, is a most ignominious lot, and is sometimes sadly paid for by the loss of those whom a fever has smitten down—a fever that might have been kept at bay by proper sanitary precautions in our villages, towns, and cities: for this is one of the penalties affixed to neglect—that though disease is bred in the abode of neglect and poverty, it stalks forth to do its devastating work in the surrounding parish; then the man that would not pay in gold, has to pay in flesh and blood. That terrible *laissez-faire* policy has surely been productive enough of ill; it is high time that the old excuse, "It's not my business, is it?" were worn out and set aside. Everything is our business which has to do with making the world wiser and better, healthier and happier. Fancy taking an interest in country ditches! Fancy hearing Lady Lucretia's voice, "Where's Charles, I wonder? Tompkins, where's Mr. Charles? Has he gone with the hounds this morning?" "Oh! if you please, mum—I think, mum, Mr. Charles said, mum, as how he was a-going to inspect the ditches, mum." What consternation might be depicted by some second John Leech in such a picture as this! And yet hunting might kill a fox, and inspecting ditches might save a child.

Certainly this same interest-taking applies to moral and religious objects. It is a good thing for Christian hearts to be devising and carrying out plans of usefulness. Taking a practical interest in ragged-schools, Sunday-schools, sick visitations, and works of benevolence. It is, upon the whole, tolerably easy to see, in any district, whether there is much interest taken in things. And here let me remark that it is so much easier to be interested in things when our passions are enlisted in some party cause; when we are letting

the fighting forces of our nature enter the field, with banners flying, and swords gleaming, and drums beating; when we are going to "down" with something and "up" with something else; when we are determined to make a stand for our liberties or some other equally prized possession—our own liberty, could we but see the matter from another point of view, consisting, perhaps, in our putting an end to somebody else's. Be this as it may, it is easy to take an interest in party wars and fights of faction. But it is much more difficult, and most truly honourable, to pursue the active path of Christian duty in the quiet, even tenor of some very unpronounced way—our interest being shown in the persistency of our efforts, the charity of our estimates, and the sacrifice of our lives. Then interest is beautiful indeed—precious in its reflex influence upon ourselves, in its educational power over our characters, and precious, also, in its influence over others; manifesting this fact, that there is a vital force in the Gospel of Christ, that it constrains us to live not unto ourselves, and that it inspires us to "consider one another, and to provoke unto love and good works."

"I take an interest in my own self, I do;" that is the motto on some lives. "Whatever comes, and there's a chance, I take care of Number One. If I am travelling on the Continent, and I hear there is likely to be a panic, why, then—I take myself off. If anything is to be got—pleasure or profit—I'm there; if anything's got to be given, and I'm expected to give it, why, then, I'm very sorry, but business calls me another way."

Such, put into familiar speech, is the sentiment of some, but only of some. Thank God, the Gospel has done and is doing its benign work! Human beings have learnt that it is actually "more blessed to give than to receive," that the worst of all misery is isolated self-care, and that the way to be hale and happy in life, and loved and respected in death, is to manifest an earnest interest in the things of others as well as our own. We owe it to the Gospel of the grace of God that Christian energy and charity are doing so much in our age to make this world wiser, better, and happier. May every age see the incarnation song more fully realised—"Peace on earth and goodwill to men."

A FIGHT WITH THE FROST.—IV.

SIR JOHN RICHARDSON'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS. BY DORA GREENWELL.

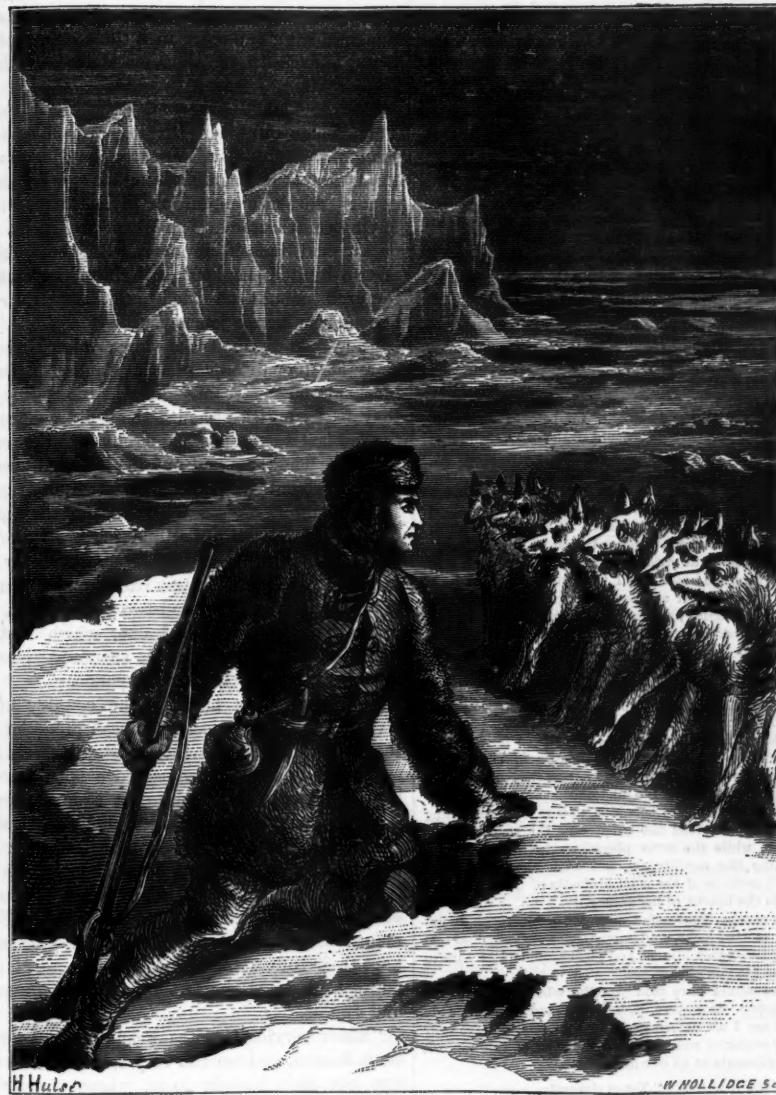
THE weather became mild, the days lengthened; or, to speak more strictly, the day grew unending, and the time of departure drew near. Dr. Richardson and Mr. Back having already explored the country to the northward of the Slave Rock, it was decided that they should head the first detachment of the moving party, which Franklin determined to send off on Monday, the 4th of June. When Akaitcho (the chief already mentioned) learnt that a party was about to start, he came forward with the offer of two hunters to join it, at the same time requesting that Dr. Richardson, or, as he called him, "the medicine chief," might be sent with his own particular band.

"These Indians," says Franklin, "set a great value upon medicine, and in the prospect of Dr. Richardson's departure made many demands upon him. He had to make up little packets of the different articles in his chest, not only for the great Akaitcho, but for each of the minor chiefs, who carefully placed them in their medicine bags, noting in their memories the directions he gave for their use. The readiness with which their requests for medical assistance was complied with, was considered by them as a strong mark of our good intentions towards them, and Akaitcho often re-

marked that they owed much to our kindness in that respect, as formerly numbers had died every year, but that not a life had been lost since our arrival among them. His present request, however, could not be complied with, Dr. Richardson having volunteered to conduct the first party to the Coppermine River, while the rest of the officers remained with me to the last moment, to complete our astronomical observations at the house. Akaitcho was, therefore, informed that Dr. Richardson would remain stationary at Point Lake until the arrival of the whole party, where he might easily be consulted in the event of sickness occurring among the chief's people, as it was in the neighbourhood of their hunting-grounds."

On the 2nd the stores were packed, and on the 4th, at three in the morning, the party, under the charge of Dr. Richardson, started. It consisted of fifteen voyageurs, three of them conducting dog-sledges; Baldhead and Basil, two Indian hunters, with their wives; Akaiayzeel, a sick Indian, and his wife, together with Angelique and Roulante.

They set forth in high spirits. Dr. Richardson gives a humorous account of the journey from Fort Enterprise to Point Lake, in the following letter, dated June 9th, 1821:—



RICHARDSON IN THE CRESCENT OF WHITE WOLVES.

See Page 747.

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"**MY DEAR BACK**,—Gilpin himself, that celebrated picturesque hunter, would have made a fruitless journey had he come with us. We followed the lakes and low grounds, which, after leaving Martin Lake, were so deeply covered with snow that it was impossible to distinguish lake from moor, and frequently when I was congratulating myself, I was surprised by sinking to the middle through the snow, and sticking among the large stones which cover the valleys. I have said this much that you may judge of the sameness of the views that occurred on our journey. The only variety that we had was in crossing two extensive ridges of land which lie at the distance of seven or eight miles from each other, and nearly half way to the river.

"So much for the country; it is a barren subject, and deserves to be thus briefly dismissed. Not so the motley group of which we were composed. It afforded ample scope for the ablest pencil or pen, and whether character or humour were most kept in view, would, in the hands of genius, produce a picture not in many respects inferior either to Chaucer's Pilgrims or Hogarth's Guards. The party was composed of twenty-three individuals, all marching in Indian file, but variously grouped, according to their physical strength and the heaviness of their burdens. Bélanger 'le gros,' exulting in his strength, was foremost in the rank; Bélanger 'le rouge' followed close behind; whilst little Perrault completed, the trio, and formed the first triangle in the picture. Adam came next, but at a respectful distance; his over-loaded sledge could not keep pace with the others, and he had frequently to tug along another with the 'butin' of his beloved Angélique. I need not trouble you with an account of the order maintained by the rest of the party. You know their characters and powers, and can arrange them correctly. Roulante came tumbling along in the rear, the snow sometimes too deep to admit of her feet reaching the bottom of it, but rolling along, the rotundity of her body righting her. The most prominent figure, however, of the whole, because the most unearthly, was Mother Adam. She came striding along, supported by a stick which towered over the heads of all the others; a pair of red stockings and various other articles of her garb heightened the peculiarities of her figure; and as to her gait, it was similar to nothing I had ever before seen. Sometimes I was tempted to compare her to Hecate, sometimes to Meg Merrilees. Not that she had mind enough to be a powerful sorceress, or majesty sufficient for a commanding presence, but because she appeared to be rather a creature of the imagination than a reality. Every member of her body seemed to have belonged to different individuals, and to have been formed by a random association into a sort of semblance of the human form; but from want of proper animation the extremities never acted in concert, and the distorted spine which composed the centre, now bent to this side, now to that, according as the leg which described the greater or the smaller circle was in motion, while the arms played up and down to preserve something like equilibrium, but with the involuntary and convulsive motions of the most fantastic of Shakespeare's weird sisters in the height of her frenzy.

"There was another figure of a different gender, with an un-washed face, matted locks, and moustaches of the colour and strength of straw; equip him as you please, and place him in any part of the file you choose.

"A Canadian would have told you the whole story in few words—"Beaucoup de misère, point de chaudières assez de sacrés." You see I am determined that you should have your share of it by engaging you in the deciphering of this scrawl. Adieu! Compliments to all our messmates.

"Yours sincerely,

"JOHN RICHARDSON."

On the 14th, Franklin having had tidings of Richardson's safe arrival at Point Lake, set off to join him there. They took with them canoes of their own making, each canoe being dragged by four men assisted by two dogs. The watercourse being safer for the canoes than travelling over

land, they followed it as far as was practicable, going by way of Winter Lake.

"We left," says Franklin, "a box in one of the rooms, containing our journals, the charts, and some drawings, and by Mr. Wentzel's advice this room was blocked up, and a drawing representing a man holding a dagger in a threatening attitude being affixed to the door, to deter any Indians from breaking it open."

On the 20th this second detachment reached Point Lake, and found Dr. Richardson settled in his tent. Franklin was greatly chagrined to hear from him that Akaitcho and his party had expended all the ammunition given them, without having contributed any supply of provisions. The doctor had himself, however, with the assistance of two hunters he kept with him, prepared two hundred pounds of dried meat, now their sole dependence for the journey.

They soon reached the Coppermine River, and were at first disappointed at finding it but an inconsiderable stream. It was now July, and they noticed with pleasure the rapid change that the few last warm days had wrought in the scenery around. The trees had put forth their leaves, the mossy ground was sprinkled with flowers, the smaller summer birds were darting through the woods, and ducks, gulls, and plovers were to be seen on the banks of the river. One day they came across a herd of musk oxen; on another, one of the hunters encountered two brown bears, fired upon them and wounded one, which instantly turned and pursued him. He succeeded, however, in making his way back to the canoe.

They were now nearing the country of the Esquimaux, and exposed to fresh anxieties from the unfriendly feeling which existed between them and the Indians. They passed a spot described by Hearne as having been in his time the scene of a bloody massacre of this people by the Chipewyans, and found the ground still strewn with bones, and several skulls lying about which bore the marks of violence. They were anxious to establish friendly communications with the Esquimaux as soon as possible, and with this object, kept their Indian followers carefully out of sight, and sent forward the two interpreters, Augustus and Junius.

"Their service," writes Franklin, "was one of some hazard, and we felt very reluctant to expose our two little friends to it, whose vivacity and good nature had made them dear to our whole party; but the adventurous men undertook their mission cheerfully, and set forth furnished with beads, looking-glasses, and other presents wherewith to conciliate their countrymen, whom they were to inform that the white men had come to make peace between them and all their enemies, and also to find a passage by which every article

they needed might be brought in large ships. They took the precaution of concealing pistols within their Esquimaux dress. The officers awaited their return in deep anxiety. During the first night of their absence, Dr. Richardson having the first watch, had seated himself after dusk on a hill overhanging the river. His thoughts were possibly engaged with far-distant scenes, when he was roused by an indistinct noise behind him, and on looking round perceived that nine white wolves had ranged themselves in the form of a crescent, and were advancing apparently with the intention of driving him into the river. On his rising up they halted, and when he advanced, they made way for his passage down to the tents. He had his gun in his hand, but forebore to fire, lest he should alarm any Esquimaux who might possibly be in the neighbourhood.

"Augustus and Junius returned, reporting the Esquimaux we had met and conversed with as friendly, but very fearful. Although their own language differed in some respects from that of the tribe they had encountered, they had been able to understand each other's meaning; and the officers, in their absolute ignorance of the sea-coast, felt it to be all-important to be in friendly communication with them as early as possible. Augustus and Junius were therefore sent back with fresh presents and trinkets, and further conciliatory messages. On the morning of the 16th," writes Franklin, "we had a distinct view of the sea from the summit of a hill behind the tents; it appeared choked with ice, and full of islands. We were preparing to go down to the sea, leaving Mr. Back to await the return of some of the men who were absent; but just as the canoe was putting off, Adam, the interpreter, returned in the utmost consternation, telling us that a party of Esquimaux were pursuing the men we had sent to collect floats. We sent off a party of men to the rescue, but meanwhile our imagined enemies had summarily decamped, and when we hastened after them in hopes of obtaining an interview, we were led to their deserted baggage by the howling of their dogs; and on the summit of the hill we found, lying behind a stone, an old man, who was too infirm to effect his escape with the rest. He was much terrified by our advance, and probably expected immediate death, but that the fatal blow might not be unrevenged, he seized his spear and made a thrust with it at his supposed enemy. Augustus, however, whom we had put foremost, easily repressed his feeble effort, and quickly succeeded in reassuring him. Dr. Richardson and I then came up, and after receiving our presents, the old man was quite composed, and became communicative. He told us that his name was Terreganneuch, or the White Fox. He was bent with age, and appeared to be about five feet

ten inches high, his hands and feet small in proportion to his height. When he received a present he placed each article first on his right shoulder, then on his left; and when he desired to express still higher satisfaction, he rubbed it over his head. He held hatchets and other instruments in the highest esteem. On seeing his face in a glass for the first time, he exclaimed, 'I shall never kill deer more,' and immediately put the mirror down."

Here they took leave of Mr. Wentzel, the agent for the Hudson's Bay Company, who, along with a party of Canadians, had accompanied them to the sea. They entrusted him with despatches for England, and with the further duty of making sure that the Indians would place a store of dried provision at Fort Enterprise, the first point upon which the party proposed falling back when overtaken by winter. They also requested him to communicate with Akaitcho and the other friendly Indians, and to desire them, when engaged in their September and October hunttings, to place meat *en cache*, in spots where the returning party could easily find it. From subsequent events, he seems, although Franklin does not directly charge him with neglect, to have been either very remiss in carrying out these instructions, or singularly unfortunate in his choice of means and agents.

After his departure, on the 21st of July, at noon, they launched upon their cheerless voyage, and paddled along eastward, keeping inside a crowded range of islands. They did not at first meet with much ice, although they saw the distant "blink" of it to the north. As day after day they held upon their eastward course, the shore became more and more dreary, and the ice accumulated so thickly that it was sometimes difficult for the canoes to find a channel between the drifting masses. On the 29th they reached the entrance of a deep bay, whose bottom was filled with ice so compact as to preclude the idea of a way through it, whilst the passage across its mouth was attended with much danger from the approach of a large field of ice, which was driving down before the wind. Through such and kindred dangers and difficulties, they steered onwards, winding in and out between the innumerable islands with which the coast is, as it were, fringed. They found all silent and desolate—

"Polar silence froze
Unto the centre; snows piled up on snows,
'Mid icy seas, where glimmer to the moon
Huge, shapeless forms, and wrecks that to and fro
Drift aimless."

Even the Esquimaux, so hardy in their habits, seemed to have fled from these cheerless wastes. Every now and then they came to one of their deserted encampments. Food was scarce, the summer quickly waning. On the 10th of August

their hopes were cheered by sailing into the midst of what they conceived to be the open sea; but what was their disappointment when they found themselves in the centre of an immense bay! The state of the expedition now called for anxious deliberation. Franklin's observations had led him to feel quite certain of the fact of a continued sea, upon the existence of which, it is needless to state, the long-vexed question of "the North-west passage" depended. Yet the tangible difficulties attending the navigation of the Arctic Archipelago were so great, and its peculiar dangers so overwhelming, that this passage seemed likely to remain among that class of aims with which life continually presents us—things theoretically possible, but practically unattainable. It seemed, as regarded the narrow, island-crowded, bay-indented, and ice-blocked channel, which at once united and divided the world's two mighty oceans, that only the voice of Omnipotence could say, "Be ye lift up, O ye gates, and be ye unlocked, ye everlasting bars."

"It will appear," says Franklin, "on referring to the chart, that Point Turnagain is only six degrees and a half to the east of the Coppermine River, yet in accomplishing this distance we have already sailed, in tracing the deeply-indented coast, 555 geographic miles." The Arctic winter was now beginning to set in rapidly, the explorers' store of provisions was very low, the canoes had

both been injured, and under these circumstances Franklin felt the impossibility of tracing the coast further, though he hoped his friend, Sir Edward Parry, might carry onward his researches and bring them to a good result.* He felt that his own party could at the present accomplish nothing further.

The Indians and Canadians were beginning to be not only disheartened but positively disaffected. They had not the courage and energy of his own little chosen band, who might have taken up the battle-cry of Brihtwold, their stout old Saxon forefather, and sung—

"Mind shall the harder be,
Heart shall the keener be,
Mood shall the more be
As our might lessens."

When he announced his intention of commencing the land journey, the Canadians could not conceal their satisfaction at turning their backs upon the dreadful and dreaded sea. They passed the night in cheerfulness and mutual congratulations, little thinking that they were now entering upon the scene of their keenest privation in the terrible return, every step of which was to be tracked by suffering, famine, and death.

* "I know," he writes, "his perseverance and talent in surmounting difficulties, and taking into account the strength of his ships, well stored with provisions, and the opportunities he will have for taking in fresh store both by land and sea, I do not doubt his being able to hold out two or even three seasons."

CHRIST THE PEACE MAKER.

BY THE REV. RALPH DALY COCKING, M.A., INCUMBENT OF TRINITY CHURCH, BRIGHTON.


HE Church of Ephesus—destined in after years to be privileged with the ministrations of Timothy, and subsequently with those of the holy and martyred Ignatius, and also to be the recipient of one of those Divine epistles from heaven to the Church on earth—was indebted for some of its earliest lessons in Christianity to the personal teachings of the Apostle Paul.

For more than two years he dwelt in Ephesus, where—as was the case in most of the capitals of the East and West since the return from the Babylonian captivity—a large number of Jews had settled down for the purposes of trade and industry, for which they had acquired in Babylon that taste and talent which distinguish their race to the present day.

Though thus far removed by residence from the privilege of worshipping God in the Temple—which had been restored—they were by no means indifferent worshippers in their local synagogues, for it is recorded that it was in a synagogue at Ephesus that St. Paul "reasoned with the Jews;"

and on the occasion of a subsequent visit to Ephesus it may be gathered that he found his former "reasoning" had not been altogether in vain. Though the number of avowedly professing and real converts was only twelve, it was evidence that the seed of Divine truth had not been altogether unproductive. "He went into the synagogue, and spake boldly for the space of three months, disputing and persuading the things concerning the kingdom of God," which things had been typified by the sacrifices of the law, and foreshadowed to the Jewish people by their prophets, their poets, and their priests. And in so doing the apostle would naturally and necessarily appeal to those Old Testament Scriptures in which both he and his Jewish hearers had a mutual and common interest and belief. And accordingly we find—and it is one of those beautiful and undesigned coincidences of which Holy Scripture is so full, and which are no slight proofs of its authenticity and Divine origin—that when writing to other churches, made up as was the Ephesian Church of both Jews and Gentiles recently converted to Chris-

tianity, St. Paul rarely quotes passages from the Old Testament Scriptures, while in this epistle the quotations from them and allusions to them are numerous and pointed, harmonising with the peculiar privileges enjoyed by the Ephesian Church in having had instruction in those Scriptures from the lips of the apostle himself for a period of nearly three years.

But if St. Paul, as the pupil of Gamaliel, addressed himself to the educated Jews with whom he had so much in common, and for whom his heart's desire was that they should be saved, he also, as a Christian and a philosopher, addressed his arguments to the accomplished but idolatrous Greeks, with whom, as well as with the Jews, "he disputed daily in the school of one Tyrannus," the subject of those disputations being the word of the Lord Jesus; "so that all they which dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks,"—heard that word which "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." And in accordance with this teaching, the whole tenor of the epistle, addressed to the same persons, is that union to God and to each other in Christ Jesus, of both Jew and Gentile, who, before his advent and incarnation, were estranged from God and from one another, "for he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us."

The allusion here is evidently to the wall of partition in the Jewish temple, by which the court of the Gentiles was separated from that of the Jews. And on the occasion on which our Lord overturned the seats of the money-changers, and drove out those who attended the festivals for the purpose of trafficking in the animals and gifts for the sacrifices, he said, in the language of prophecy, while standing in this court of the Gentiles, "My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer;"—that is, the true worshippers of God shall henceforth no longer be limited to one race, one language, one country, but "in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." And similar is the idea which the apostle would here convey, that that was now broken down which had long kept Jew and Gentile estranged and enemies in their minds each to the other; that the Gentile was to have the same access to the Lord of the temple as the Jew; that the days of religious exclusion and ascendancy were over for ever; that in virtue of the sacrifice of the Redeemer, Gentiles were to be admitted to the same spiritual privileges, to share the same immortal hopes, and to look forward to the day when the feet of both would tread the courts of the temple above in the heavenly Jerusalem; that Gentile no less than Jew could now look up to heaven, and feel with equal love, and

say with equal truth, "*Our Father who art in heaven.*" *Our Father*—not only because thou hast created both, but *our Father*, too, because thou hast redeemed both through the blood of Him who was not only the Messiah of the Jew, but the Messiah of the universe!

This is announced to have been effected by the abolition of the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances—that is, in the ceremonial law as distinguished from the moral which it enshrined, which latter from its nature must be unchangeable and incapable of abolition; the former being but the scaffolding of the building, to be taken down when the edifice was complete; the latter the edifice itself, whose foundations are in God, and whose completion in Jesus Christ is eternal.

The ceremonial law had reference to the fasts, the sacrifices, the festivals, the food, the dress, the marriages, the forms of religious worship; and this law served, and was designed by God to serve, a twofold purpose—and, strange to say, it was in the very serving and fulfilling of the twofold purpose that the enmity between Jew and Gentile was fostered and kept alive. First, the ceremonial observances were intended to be the outer signs and badges stamping the Jews as a peculiar nation, those peculiarities tending to keep them separate and distinct from other nations; which was necessary, as by them God intended to educate the world for a higher revelation. The "law was a school-master," and on the principle—so self-evident in its wisdom, and so universal in its employment by God in his moral and spiritual government of the world—the principle of the few being rendered trustees and guardians for the benefit of the many, God did not entrust his revelation to all nations at once, among whom it would most probably have been lost, but entrusted it to the custody and keeping of one nation, by whom it would—through these very peculiarities—be preserved for the future benefit of the world at large, when "in the fulness of time" God should see fit to make it universal.

Secondly, these ceremonial ordinances were designed to point to the Messiah, who in his own person was to combine, to fulfil, and to exhaust the threefold offices of prophet, priest, and king.

This twofold purpose of the ceremonial law tended, as has been said, to create and continue animosity between Jew and Gentile, because, in the first place, the Jews thus separated, thus marked out, thus privileged—the subjects of special providences, and special miracles—looked upon themselves as the favourites of Heaven, and as the possessors of the knowledge of the only way of salvation: Instead of being humbled by these very privileges—which they had turned to so little

account—they became unduly exalted, prided themselves over those not so highly favoured, and, forgetting the golden law that they who have most of the truth should manifest most of the love, they provoked feelings of jealousy and hatred on the part of the surrounding nations, who on their part and in their turn looked with contempt and ridicule on those peculiar institutions, laws, and practices which characterised and distinguished the Jews. And for the second reason, that these ceremonies pointed to a coming Messiah—a coming Deliverer, one whom Jewish imagination and Jewish hope pictured as a conquering King, surrounded with all the circumstance of earthly greatness, earthly power, and universal earthly jurisdiction; one from whom and in whom the Jews expected mighty benefits—benefits which they fondly and selfishly believed would not be shared by any other race or people upon earth. This, too, provoked the enmity between Jew and Gentile.

This enmity, this cause of hatred, Christ is said by the apostle to have abolished; and not only abolished, but abolished *in his flesh*—that is, by “offering one sacrifice for sins for ever.”

“In his flesh!” Not merely by being the world’s greatest Prophet and greatest Teacher, declaring to mankind the Divine will, and instructing, by the purest example, mankind to “live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world,” in anticipation of a future judgment in the presence of God in the world to come;—not merely by this—for this would never have abolished the enmity—nor merely by becoming the undisputed Head of a vast and world-wide kingdom; a King over his Church, administering its laws, executing its judgments, attesting his right to rule by miracle and by marvel—this would not, could not, have abolished the enmity between Jew and Gentile, and still less the greater enmity between man and God. But it was “*in his flesh*,” by the sacrifice of himself. Now, if we bear in mind that the whole *life* no less than the *death* of Christ contributed to and made up that sacrifice—that Bethlehem no less than Calvary—Capernaum no less than Gethsemane—the marriage supper of Cana no less than the grave of Bethany—were scenes of great acts in the awful drama of Divine sacrifice, it may be clearly seen what the apostle would have his readers understand by the words, “*in his flesh*.” First, that by taking into his Godhead that human nature which had been defiled by the lusts of the flesh, and by sanctifying it through that union, and uniting it to God in his own person, Christ drew together, in that mystical union, those whom sin had severed—drew man to God and man to man—he abolished the enmity. Secondly, by perfect obedience to the law—by fulfilling all righteousness in that flesh common alike to Jew and Gentile;

for Christ, as man, was in his human nature a Gentile as well as a Jew. Descended from the Hebrew David, he was also descended from David’s Gentile ancestress, Ruth.

But finally and for ever Christ abolished “the enmity” by his death in that flesh,—by being both victim and priest—the lamb led to the slaughter, dumb before his shearers—the high priest, sprinkled with that lamb’s redeeming blood ere he entered into the holy of holies to appear as intercessor for his Church. By that death in human flesh, wherein all types were satisfied, all prophecies fulfilled, he finished, consummated, and exhausted the whole of the sacrificial types and ceremonies of the Levitical law, which derived their meaning from the fact that they pointed to him, and therefore lost all their meaning when he had finished and fulfilled everything which they foreshadowed and foretold. And thus, by removing that legal ceremonial fence which severed Gentile from Jew, he joined them together in himself, the second Adam—from twain he made one new man, and for both opened up a new and living way to God, through the veil, that is, through his flesh, that Jew and Gentile might be reconciled each to the other, and both to God, “that he might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby, or in himself.”

This, the doctrine of the cross, is the teaching which pervades the New Testament Scriptures. It is the burden of the mighty argument throughout the Epistle to the Hebrews. To this great truth Christ himself with his dying breath bore undying witness when he said, “It is finished.” To this great truth of a common priesthood and common brotherhood for all men in Christ, the veil of the Temple rent in twain on that day of Christ’s finished sacrifice, spake in its silent but significant acting as no human tongue could speak, because that rent veil opened to the gaze of Jew and Gentile alike a view of the holy of holies, into which no Jew even, save the high priest once each year, dare heretofore even look; and this was but as a silent, acted prophecy on that day—that through the blood and priesthood of Christ—through the rent veil of his flesh, all men—Jew, Turk, infidel, heretic—might hope and might have the right to enter the holy of holies in the Temple of the Jerusalem which is above. And that thus it was intended to be St. John the Divine learned amid the glories of apocalyptic vision, when forth from that holy of holies there fell upon his ear, in strains of richest music, swept from their golden harps, the song, the new song of the redeemed, elected from no one nation, but gathered out of all the world, enslaved and ruined by the fall, but ransomed and restored by the cross—“Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to

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God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation" (Rev. v. 9).

"So making peace." Not only is he the dispenser but the creator of peace; not only the river of peace, making glad in its pure and crystal streams the city of our God, and reflecting on its bosom the bright beauties of that heavenly love which alone banks it in, but the fountain, the source, the spring of those streams, those beauties, and that love, which flow and bloom and shine through that cross by which he is ever declaring, ever making, ever giving peace!

Those who are reconciled by the blood of the cross, are led, through the power of that cross, to be tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as, and because, God for Christ's sake hath forgiven them. Where there is no love for Christ, no oneness with him, there will be no love, no oneness with man. Where Christ by his cross does not reign, there no peace is found; and where there is no peace there can be no love—

no care to bring others to that cross to which the heart is a stranger. As the essence, the intention of the cross was and is to remove enmity, to make men *one* with Christ as he is one with God, so the essence of peace among men is oneness—oneness of hope, oneness of interest, oneness of joy; and where that oneness with Christ, that peace, has been realised by the heart—when the heart can say, "My Beloved is mine and I am his"—when the Church, under the Holy Spirit's power, is alive to the blessedness and the virtue and the necessity of peace with Christ, there is at once awakened a zeal, a desire, a love to extend the knowledge of that peace to others, to proclaim near and far away that gospel of reconciliation by which alone men can be drawn to God and to one another, and whereby alone the enmity of the human heart to God and to its fellows can be slain; there is then ever the like desire, embodied in the like prayer which fell from the lips of the Prince of Peace, "*that they all may be one.*"

TAKE CARE OF NUMBER ONE.

A TALE FOR BOYS.

 GROUP of boys, excited and noisy, were standing together in the field behind Dr. Henry's school. Evidently something had happened, for all were angry, and each was throwing the blame upon another, when a tall, pale lad came up and asked, very quietly indeed, what was the matter.

"We were throwing the ball," said one of them, "and it has gone into the Doctor's garden and smashed some glass."

"Well, but you all knew where the glass was, and you were cautioned half-a-dozen times, and now the Doctor will shut up this field entirely if you don't confess. Who was in fault?"

"Hartley was in fault, for the ball was his."

"No, I wasn't; Thompson was the first that threw it toward the garden."

"I didn't throw it *in* though; Campbell did that, and he should bear the blame."

At once all eyes turned to Campbell, a fat, heavy-looking boy, with ill-brushed clothes, and watery, unwholesome eyes. Campbell looked down.

"What do you say, Campbell?" asked the newcomer; "will you give yourself up or no? Don't let us all be robbed of our best field for the sake of the imposition of a fine."

"That's a good fellow, Campbell," shouted they; "do as Black says, and we'll club and go shares in the fine."

Then Campbell looked up, with some fierceness and a good deal of sulkiness about his ugly face.

"No, I won't give myself up. Will you go shares

in a flogging, if it comes to that? Will you go shares in detention, or in a cube root of ten figures, if I have one? Haven't we a rule that no boy tells upon another, and what's that good for if we have to tell upon ourselves? I'll do no such thing."

"It's shabby to tell on another," said Black; "but it's shabby *not* to tell on yourself when very likely you will rob us all of our field, and turn the cows back into it, after our petition and all our trouble to get the run of it. And old Harry"—for I grieve to say Dr. Henry went by this sad name among his devoted lads—"old Harry never came down heavy on anybody for being a gentleman."

"I won't do it," said Campbell, sulkily; "I mean to take care of Number One!"

"Three groans for Campbell!" shouted Hartley (a ringleader in all groaning, cheering, and schoolboy accomplishments), "and let us see what 'Number One' will do for him."

The boys groaned with a will, Campbell rushed off, as red as a turkey-cock, and the bell rang for them all to dress for dinner.

The field in question was a very long and somewhat narrow strip that ran from the back of the conservatories to the river. Its shape made it a capital place for races, bows and arrows, quoits, flying kites, and a few other sports of that kind; but perhaps its main charm was that it had not belonged to the boys until this quarter, being reserved for grazing cattle. They had got up a petition to Dr. Henry, and as the school was flourishing, and the boys and he upon splendid terms, he had let them have it upon

one condition. No cricket was to be played there, nor anything done which would endanger his flowers —his pleasure and his pride.

And now they had distinctly heard the clink of something broken, and the culprit would not surrender himself, and the field would be lost! It was too bad, and fierce were the murmurs against Campbell as they filed in, slowly and sadly, to dinner. It takes a great deal, however, to spoil a schoolboy's appetite, and they felt greatly comforted for the next forty-five minutes. But at evening roll-call the face of their master told them what was coming. Dr. Henry was kind, and even gentle, in his manner, but he could be firm when roused, and to touch his garden was to touch the apple of his eye. So he was dangerous-looking enough as he held up the fatal ball and said—

"Boys, I grieve to say this ball was found in a broken pot of very rare ferns, which it had knocked over upon some quite unique but now ruined azaleas. These would have brought, my gardener expected, ten pounds of prizes at the flower-show next week. The broken glass is not worth naming in comparison, but I would willingly have given him half as much again had he beaten Lord Primrose's gardener. Who did all this mischief, by breaking the clear terms of our bargain when I gave you the long meadow?"

Dead silence answered him; but as his quick eye ranged around the room, three figures caught his attention: Black, Hartley, and Campbell were clearly agitated, and signalling to each other.

"Black," said the Doctor, "what do you know about this matter?"

"Nothing, sir," replied his favourite scholar, in his usual quiet tones, "except what I learned afterward upon being consulted; that, please, sir, was confidential."

"Do you know anything, Campbell?" was the next question, for the Doctor saw his bloated face as red as fire, and his cowardly fingers twitching at his suspender.

Now this worthy, as you remember, had pleaded the rule against informing; but, like most selfish people, he did this just because it was most convenient; so now he stammered out in his despair, "Sir, it's Hartley's ball."

A subdued groan ran round the schoolroom, and Hartley jumped up in a moment.

"Sir," said he, proudly, "I didn't mean to tell upon that pitiful sneak; but the ball is mine, and his own hand flung it over your wall."

"Is this true, Campbell? You don't answer such a shameful charge? Must I suppose that silence gives consent? Then go to the housekeeper's room, and tell her to pack up your clothes."

The next day Campbell's father, who was lying upon a sick-bed, received a short, cold letter from Dr. Henry. It told him that his boy would reach home by the next coach, expelled! This was by no

means for breaking ten pounds' worth of flowers, but for a long train of misbehaviour that came to a head in his disgraceful attempt to throw the blame on Hartley. Dr. Henry said that his rule was to keep no boy unless he was getting some good from the school, and doing some to it, and as Campbell was doing neither, he was reluctantly obliged to sever him from associates whom he might corrupt.

This terrible letter came just when Mr. Campbell was recovering from a fever, and it brought back the excitement and delirium, which left him so exhausted that he never rallied. Within a fortnight his unhappy son followed him to his grave.

Then came the settlement of affairs. He had been a doctor, just rising into a fine practice; but time had not been given him to put anything by, and as his wife and children had expensive tastes, the insurance upon his life barely paid his creditors. Young Campbell had to go to business, and carrying his bad tricks with him, sank lower and lower, until he became the ticket-seller in a wretched suburban theatre.

This was what he got by taking care of no person but Number One. His selfishness expelled him from a school where he might have learned to be useful and respected—a school from which Hartley rose to be a judge and Black an archdeacon. His expulsion killed his father, who had almost shaken off his disease when it threw him back. His father's premature death left his mother and sisters without provision, and himself, with an ill-regulated mind, among strangers, who heard nothing of him but what was bad.

Think, dear boys, whether the best care of Number One—yes, and the pleasantest too—is not, as a rule, care for every one else as well. G. A. C.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

315. How was the cedar-wood used in the building of Solomon's Temple conveyed from Lebanon to Jerusalem?

316. How many of the "strangers in the land of Israel" were sent to assist the servants of the King of Tyre, in cutting down the cedars of Lebanon?

317. When Ezra the scribe expounded the Book of the Law, what posture did the people assume?

318. In what book of the Bible do we find the most awful utterances of human anguish and misery?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 720.

303. "Take great stones in thy hand, and hide them in the clay in the brickkiln" (Jer. xliii. 9).

304. Prov. xxvi. 4, 5.

305. Acts xiii. 33.

306. Jonah's gourd (Jonah iv. 10).

307. Three times—Aratus, Acts xvii. 28; Menander, 1 Cor. xv. 33; Epimenides, Titus i. 12.

308. The rising of many saints (Matt. xxvii. 52).